VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 5, 1905. NUMBER 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE VICTORY OF THE BENIGN.

"Thine hour has come, Rakshasa!" cried Rama; and with a hissing dart, tore off one of the Demon's heads. But at once another sprang up in its place. Again and again the Dasarathide severed the Rakshasa's heads; but they were always replaced directly, and Ravana appeared in no way injured!

"Why dost thou aim at the Demon's heads?" asked Matali, the celestial driver; "that is not the seat of the evil which makes him vulnerable."

Obeying this hint, Rama adjusted in his bow the terrible Dart of Brahma, and aimed at Ravana's heart. As the celestial Shaft struck him, the Lord of Rakshasas flung his clenched fist above, as though even then defying Heaven—tottered to the edge of his chariot, and, like a ruptured mountain, crashed to earth!

At first was no shout of triumph;—a deep long breath hushed through the army, whilst from afar were heard the muffled throbbings of the Drum of Victory, sounded by the Celestial Hosts!

Then down from heaven fluttered a rain of flowers; a fresh soft breeze sprang up; all there heard the Gandharvas singing; and round Rama a troop of bright Apsaras joined hands, and danced for joy!

"Hail to Rama, the Friend of Living Creatures!" cried the Simians then. "The Evil Power is broken, the reign of Justice has commenced!"

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"Grant me one favour, august Princess!" he cried. "I am in a heat of joy and devotion to thee, hard to bear! Let me avenge the insults thou hast received from the hideous Rakshasis; it were a relief to tear them with my claws, to knock them down, and trample on them! Have I thy leave, O star-eyed Queen?"

Then, because her great happiness strove to find an outlet, Sita laughed merrily at that.

"Fie on thee, thou vindictive Hanuman!" she said, and shook her finger at him. "Nay, thou shalt not touch those poor old Rakshasis; I would not for all the world ill should chance to them.

"I would not any creature should be in grief to-morrow!"

From the Hindu Epic, Ramayana.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905. NUMBER 19

Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year.
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
—*From Wesley's Collection.*

San Francisco is agitating the question of opening the public school yards after school hours. *Charities* says: "The old idea by which school grounds were considered sacred to lawns and barbed wire fences is giving way on every hand to gravel and common sense."

One of the most auspicious beginnings of the New Year is the recommendation of Commissioner Garfield that trusts and business combinations should be controlled by a national license system. It is quite in line with the long contention of UNITY that New Jersey should not be allowed to have a monopoly of corporations nor South Dakota a monopoly of the divorce business.

Over half a million aliens entered the United States last year through the single gateway of New York harbor. It is safe to say that this half-million represented the best and the worst that Europe has to give. It is a pity to assume that the worst element is the typical element and that all of the half-million are to be suspected bad until they have proven themselves otherwise. It is safer to assume that excellence is the rule and depravity the exception.

The best compliment to Dr. Hillis's romance of "Apple Seed John" would be for some competent hand to go in search of the sober facts of history. It is a theme worthy academic pursuit. Why would it not be a worthy thesis for some graduate student of the University of Ohio, Oberlin or the Western Reserve, to win his "Ph. D." with. "Johnny Apple-Seed" has waited too long for a fitting biographer. His plain story worthily told would necessarily discount the fiction of even so dextrous a hand as Dr. Hillis. Who was "John Apple-Seed," anyhow? How much can be truthfully placed to his credit? What and where is the result of his planting? Is there not some loyal reader of the Buckeye state who will give to UNITY a preliminary sketch?

The Lancet, the medical journal of London, has been doing some missionary work in the interest of the chestnut. It discovers that roasted chestnuts are more nutritious than roasted potatoes. Furthermore, that an acre of ground planted to chestnuts produces the maximum amount of food. Where is the farmer with sufficient faith in the future to plant chestnut trees? The young man who sets out a chestnut orchard will in his old age be permitted to sit down under the shade of his own trees and live comfortably on the products thereof. Spiritually and intellectually America has carried the potato culture to a high state of perfection; now it is time to go into the chestnut culture. Let our schools and churches at least venture upon long-range farming.

The Legislative Voters' League of Chicago has issued a bulletin in the closing days of last year that goes to show to what astounding distance from the path of rectitude party enthusiasm will sway even trusted and ostensibly honest men. It shows that the forty-third General Assembly of Illinois spent forty days in practical indolence, many days meeting just long enough to keep within the constitutional limits. During this time it had figured up a pay roll of 334 employes at a cost of $825.25 per day. It shows that if all these attendants were actually on business they would so obstruct by their very presence the movements of the two houses that it would be impossible to transact business. There are 93 alleged janitors on the pay roll, although the regular force of 18 was admitted by the official as quite adequate to meet the demands. All this is justified by the false assumption that a party must, if in, keep itself in power, or if out, must get itself in, and that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The truth is, professional office-seeking is ignoble business and the office-seeker is a nuisance, an obstruction, a menace. When the office seeks the man the man is thereby ennobled, but when the man seeks the office for selfish ends he is thereby disgraced.

President King, of Oberlin, in the "Professor's Chair," in the *Congregationalist,* commends to one who would "like to take up a course of sociological reading," Lyman Abbott's "Rights of Man," "Washington Gladden's "Tools and the Man," N. P. Gilman's "Industrial Peace," Josiah Strong's "Our Country and the New Era," Henry Dyer's "The Evolution of Industry," Jacob Riis's "How the Other Half Lives," C. D. Wright's "Practical Sociology," A. G. Warner's American Charities," F. H. Wines' "Punishment and Reformation," J. W. Jenks' "The Trust Problem," to which we would like to add John G. Brooks' "Social Unrest" and anything available from the pen of Jane Addams. We should think also that even a short list should contain at least one of Professor Ely's books. But the chief thing is to get to reading any books along these lines. Sociology is a self-revealing and self-forming science, and he saves time who goes to the fountain

head and deals with the masters. After the Hebrew prophets and the New Testament, the writings of John Ruskin are perhaps the most fundamental, searching and inspiring contributions to sociology. When wrong in his conclusions he is right in his spirit, because his spirit is that of love and his purpose is mutual helpfulness.

It is safe to predict that one of the great events in the religious world of the United States for 1905 will be the Third Annual Convention for Religious Education which is to be held in Boston, February 12-16. When the first session of this gathering came to such a successful conclusion in Chicago some two years ago its friends felt that it had struck twelve at the outset and that the striking features could not be duplicated. But last year at Philadelphia the session was scarcely less significant or important. Now the program seems to assure still more striking results in Boston. *The Universalist Leader,* watching the developments on the ground, ventures the opinion that "the program is one of the most remarkable in the history of great religious gatherings of modern times. A full hundred speakers of national reputation, because of their special contributions to progress in religious and moral education, will discuss the most vital aspects of present day life. The great theme of the Convention will be 'The Aims of Religious Education.'" The two preceding conventions were engaged chiefly with Biblical learning and the ecclesiastical lore related thereto. This time in Boston the convention will grapple with things still more fundamental; character-building and state-saving religion will be in demand. This program promises to be a brilliant realization of what the Free Religious Association and the Congress of Religion have labored for many years with only meager outward success. When the representatives of liberal religion solicited co-operation with the orthodox representatives it was neither surprising nor significant. Obviously that is what they are for. But when the orthodox leaders solicit the co-operation of those who were cast out by their grandfathers and denied by their fathers, it is a very significant indication that the time of truce has come; that prejudices are giving way and the theological boundaries, be they stone wall or barb-wire, are being removed. Their removal will be a great advance to the cause of religion but it will bring confusion to a great many denominational committees and render obsolete many tools.

New Year's Greeting.

Happy New Year! Yes, indeed, a thrice Happy New Year! But in order to make 1905 a happy year we must make it an earnest one and an heroic one. That only is a New Year that faces new questions, breaks new ground, dares. After all said against New Year's resolutions, they represent the best investments of the year. We will not venture on resolutions but will indulge in a batch of hopes.

Let us hope that not only the horrible war in Russia will be brought to a speedy close but that it may teach humanity a lesson commensurate with its costliness; may the awful experience rebuke the martial spirit everywhere; rob the uniform, the bayonet and the sword of their deceptive charm. May the independent spirit in politics grow; may the frankness in pulpits increase; may simplicity in dress throughout all the social stratas be advanced; may education be more inward. May employes be more anxious to give a fair equivalent for wages received, and may the employers be willing to divide fairly and be content with moderate profits. May the churches apply themselves more directly to civic problems, social interests, and the elevation of the community. In order to do this, may they come closer together; may many of them be willing to die in order that others may live more closely. We pray earnestly for the demolition of sectarian lines. the amalgamation of sectarian churches. With the decline of the denominations will come a growth of religion.

Ruskin in one of his letters to Charles Eliot Norton, written in the closing days of 1858, gave expression to certain "wants" which may well piece out our editorial greeting. He said: "I want to give everybody a dinner who has not got one; I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational and the English Parliament honest." In a postscript he adds: "I want also to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns; to write an essay on poetry; to teach some masters of schools to draw. I want to be perfectly quiet and undisturbed, and not to think, and to draw, myself, all day long until I can draw better. And I want to make a dear High Church friend of mine sit under Mr. Spurgeon." With the new adaptation to time and space, we are willing to make Ruskin's wish our own.

All this and much more is implied when we wish our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Preaching From a Text

The famous Dr. Benjamin Jowett, of Oxford, has in one of his note-books the remark that many texts of the Bible possess more meaning when they are taken in a sense somewhat different from that in which their authors intended them. The explanation of this, which is undoubtedly a fact, may be that the familiarity we have with the Biblical speech has the effect of keeping its shape longer fixed in our minds, where newer and less classic languge would be soon absorbed by our own ways of thinking. Into this delicate vessel of speech we may then pour contents that were not in the mind or within the view of the original writer. It is like pouring fresh wine into a precious antique cup. The color and sparkle of the liquid gives a new glow to the bit of ancient art, and the tint and shape of the glass at once encloses and enhances the sensuous beauty of its contents.

This process is precisely what we cannot allow when it is a question of the real meaning of the Bible passage itself. Then any such pouring of new wine into old vessels must be resolutely forbidden, as Jesus saw in

regard to the truth he had to teach. That practice, in spite of his implicit prohibition, has been steadily going on in all the Christian centuries, and the reason why the Bible today is so largely misunderstood on every hand is that we are asked to read out of it all the theologies that have grown up in men's minds since it was written, from the theologies of the Nicene fathers and of Augustine down to those of Luther and Calvin and the later reformers.

But the greater liberty of preaching allows an inter-play between the thought of the past and that of the present, by which both are made the gainers. The suspicion of shallowness inevitably attaches to any religious teaching that ostentatiously proclaims its detachment from the sacred past. We are learning to see slowly that "radical' means rooted, not uprooted. And if the Bible is to continue to be used, as it certainly is, it must be because its venerable forms of speech are still richer in association for our minds than any others. Except for this, we should set the volume on our shelves and leave it there unread.

It must be said that one effect of the severe methods of the higher criticism, a result of supreme value for the historical study of religion but of doubtful use for invoking the devotional spirit, is the rubbing off of some of the bloom of more spiritual thought and feeling, and reducing many passages to an archaic hardness and crudity which is repellant to our minds. Such slavishly literal interpretation in the pulpit, even by those who accept the higher criticism and its results, would be a survival of the dogma of infallibility; while the use of a Biblical text, not always to expound the writer's meaning but often just to unfold one's own, may not only be wholly legitimate, but may add a high degree of effectiveness to preaching. R. W. B.

Something to Live For.

There is something to live for and something to love,
  Wherever we wander, wherever we rove.
There are thousands of sad ones to cheer and sustain,
  Till the hopes that are hidden beam o'er them again.

There is something to live for and something to love,
  For the spirit of man's like a garden or grove.
'Twill yield you sweet fragrance, but still you must toil,
  And cherish the blossoms and culture the soil.

Then think on it, brother, whoever thou art,
  Let thy life be for man and thy love for the heart,
For know that the pathway that leads us above
  Is something to live for and something to love.

—*Richard Realf.*

Work.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
  In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
  In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
  "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
  "Of all who live, I am the one by whom
"This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
  To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
  Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE PULPIT.

Annual Review Nineteen Hundred and Four.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, January 1, 1905.

Again I come to my annual review. As the line grows longer, the years grow shorter. Thirty and more years ago it seemed a large task because the section of history measured by the twelve months seemed a longer period. But on the other hand, to undertake to estimate the significance or to count the momentous events in this condensed section at this end of the line, seems a more presumptuous task. But the old habit is upon me, and for my own mental clearing, if for no other reason, I venture the annual invoice, which, like all invoices, can be no more than a list of items, incomplete in itself and imperfectly classified.

First, let us salute the undying, the contribution of Nineteen Hundred and Four to the list of the immortals.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the rare Englishman who escaped the insular limitations, the spiritual descendant of Sir William Jones, the Englishman who delighted to discover spiritual wealth in Oriental minds and who translated the literary wealth of Brahminism and Buddhism into the vernacular of the west. Sir Edwin Arnold's ability was many-handed: professor, lecturer, journalist, diplomat, traveler, poet. It is in the latter capacity that he will be longest remembered and best loved; as a poet, his greatest contribution was "The Light of Asia," a poem which has touched thousands of hearts with admiration of and sympathy with Buddha, the enlightened, whose religion made unnumbered millions merciful.

Frances Power Cobbe, the biographer and interpreter of Theodore Parker, the friend of animals, the prophet of the anti-vivisection movement, after eighty three years of beautiful living, has found rest.

Sir Henry Stanley, he who plucked the secret out of the heart of Africa; Lafcadio Hearne, the curious and charming west-easterly man who did for Japan what Sir Edwin Arnold did for Buddhistic India; Neils Finsen, the Danish discoverer of the light treatment of lupus; Emmett, the author of "Dixie," in the eighty-ninth year of his age; Dr. William Latham, the oldest teacher of the deaf in the United States, who reached the threshold of the nineties; George Frederick Watts, the English painter and sculptor in the eighty-fourth year of his age; General Longstreet, a dauntless hero of the lost cause, in the eighty-third year of his age, and Gen. John B. Gordon, the gracious reconciler between the north and the south, from the southern side; Walter Severn, the English landscape painter; Paul Kruger, the pathetic though grim old Hebrew of the Transvaal, in his eightieth year; and most tragic loss of all, Vassili Verestchagin, the great art advocate of peace, the interpreter of the horrors of war. He went down to a watery grave, as if in his high protest his brush had reached its limits and still his argument had not been made sufficiently convincing he gave his life in further evidence of the horror of war.

We in America have special reason to mourn the death of Frederick Auguste Bartholdi, who illuminated our great open gate fronting Europe with the torch of liberty.

Among our own American losses I venture to mention the name of George Francis Train, whose insanity was that of a noble mind; whose idiosyncrasies, however great, generally represented not error but false proportions; Mark Hanna, a good representative of a bad tendency, a man whose personal charm concealed, though it did not atone for, fell methods in politics; Senator George Frisbie Hoar, America's "Grand Old

Man," the Father of the Senate, the incorruptible statesman who in the last years of his four score, when the brain is supposed to grow sluggish, when conservatism wards off innovations and protestations, broke new ground and proved himself capable of revising his own record, discarding his own affiiliation. He had the courage and the insight to criticise the party he helped create and to stand by the fundamental requirements of democracy, the A, B, C of republicanism, when the associates of his own party followed after the strange gods of military invasion and imperial conquest of the unoffending aspirants to self-government in the far-off islands of the seas.

In point of origin, early training and life's vocation, it is a far cry from Senator Hoar of Concord, in whose veins ran the bluest blood of New England, whose brain had been trained by Harvard College and whose whole life had been spent among books, to Samuel Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor of Toledo, a child of poverty and of labor. The Welsh emigrant lad touched the American shores too late even to enjoy the privileges of the commonest of our common schools, and still he rose to be the peer of the noblest in the land. His great heart broke under the burdens of others. He experienced what others flippantly talked about, viz., a civic conscience. Samuel Jones had a business career which showed that the man with a conscience can succeed; but his business career was such as to set the pace for all successful men in America. Every man of business should measure his life by that of the successful "Golden Rule Jones," who has hastened the time, near at hand, I believe, when business men who undertake to conduct business on more selfish levels than Samuel Jones of Toledo will be regarded as dishonest. Others have called him generous; he knew he was barely just. Others may think of him as magnanimous; he died striving to be honest. Other men of wealth may pity him for his "soft heart," but the time is coming when the man of wealth must needs make his wealth contribute to the commonwealth or take his place where he belongs,—among the parasites of society, the dishonest and dishonorable men in the community.

Lastly, I mention the names of Ednah D. Cheney, a benignant mother in the Free Religious movement in America, and John White Chadwick, the poet laureate of the liberal faith, the delightful, exceptional combination of the scholar and the prophet, the seer and the critic, the man of the study with a boundless capacity for friendliness. Chadwick was a man of the people; he was a graduate of the shoe-shop, a non-academic man honored of the universities and at whose feet professors were glad to sit. In him the elements were finely compounded; he was a philosopher with a smile, a serious-minded man with a lively sense of the humorous. We have loved to sing Chadwick's hymns, as we have this morning; his words were almost weekly food to us in the pages of UNITY. In the death of Ednah D. Cheney and John White Chadwick your minister mourns the loss of personal friends, who were to him companions in his darkest hours, encouragement in his greatest perplexities, inspiration and guide at all times.

Man's earthly immortality is best exemplified in the world of books, to which we next turn. If there has been a great book of the year, a signal contribution to the world of letters, either in prose or poetry, fiction, history or science, I do not know where to find it, and still the year's greatest contribution to the wealth of the world is probably found in the year's book list, which is alarming in its extent. The flood of printers' ink flows on in ever increasing volume. Those of you who wait upon the ministrations of this desk and its attendant classes, particularly those of you who are willing to belong to my larger parish and profit by my wider ministry through UNITY, already know much of the books that have engaged my attention, and still it is my annual delight not only to mention the titles with a word of comment, but to flank my pulpit with the books themselves, as I do this morning. I mention only such books as have been published during the year, and, of those, only such as have found their way into my own library. Possibly a few of them may bear the imprint of 1903, but if there are any such they came too late for mention last year and really belong to the output of 1904.

Commercialism is claiming more and more the publishing world. Perhaps never was the marketable value of a book so closely scrutinized as today; never before was it so difficult, perhaps, to secure the publication of an unsalable book, however noble, and never was the skill of handling the salable ones so highly developed as today. Publishers have found the commercial value of collections, books published in series and handled by subscription. It may be one of the tricks of the trade, but this should not blind us to the value of great collections and noble compilations such as would be impossible under other conditions. Nor must we forget that the book agency is the missionary society of letters.

First, then, I ask you to rejoice with me over the completion of the[1] "Encyclopedia Biblica," the four volumes of noble Bible lore that bring Biblical and kindred topics down to date. This is a work that is fittingly dedicated to the memory of William Robertson Smith, for it is edited in the devout though radical spirit that characterized that wise and good man. The editors, Professor Cheyne of Oxford, and J. Sutherland Black, formerly assistant editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, called to their assistance the foremost scholars in Europe and America, irrespective of denominational lines or professional predilections, and they have given of the truth as they see it, holding nothing back for dogmatic reasons. I count this completed set the most useful addition to my library during the year.

"The ideas that have Influenced Civilization, in the Original Documents,"[2] by Prof. O. J. Thatcher of the University of Chicago, is the title of a handsome series of ten volumes, elaborately planned and beautifully executed. Professor Thatcher has rendered a real service to the general reader in thus putting within his reach many of the great documents of the world. The editor's purpose is accomplished when he has offered the original material in as available English as practicable, without note or comment. Of course the selection must reflect the personal equation. The reader might wish that a meager amount of interpreting notes, sufficient to indicate at least the translators and approximate dates and location, but in these days of affected intelligence, based on the easy reading of reviews, it is to be hoped that this western enterprise will meet with large success. It is a reference book for libraries; it is a good reading book for the busy man and woman who have grown tired of the literature that dies. Think of it! In the first volume you will come upon some of the material that lies at the fountain head of the civilizations of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Brahmin, Buddhist, Parsee and Chinese. In the second volume the fundamentals of the Greek culture are partially exhibited. In the third volume we make the acquaintance of the Roman sages, law-givers and philosophers. In the fourth volume the early church fathers, our Germanic fore-elders, and the early Arabian thought are given. In the fifth volume we come upon the records of the early explorers, the

1. Encyclopedia Biblica. Edited by T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. Four volumes. The Macmillan Co. $5.00 each.
2. The Ideas that Have Influenced Civilization, in the Original Documents. Edited by O. J. Thatcher. Ten volumes. The Roberts-Manchester Co., Chicago.

fathers of Modern science and the heroes of the Reformation. In the sixth volume, the beginning of modern thought,[4] the seventeenth and eighteenth century science is exhibited in original documents. In the seventh volume we have the opinions that inspired the English colonists and the American Revolution; we come upon such names as Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Burke Rousseau and Mirabeau. The eighth volume gives us the development of political ideas in the United States; the words of Hamilton, Clay, Marshall, etc., with much of the earlier scientists—Sir Humphrey Davy, Farraday, Cuvier, Count Rumford, etc. Volume nine contains original documents in physics, education, evolution. In volume ten we come into the confusion of modern thought—philology, chemistry, archeology, etc., for illustrative documents. Each of the ten volumes is illuminated with a few well chosen pictures.

Of making antholgies there seems to be no end, although we thought a few years ago that Stedman's noble volumes of the Victorian and American Anthologies seemed a good place to stop. But the enterprising publishers of[3] "The World's Best Poetry" assume that there is room for still another. Bliss Carman, himself a poet of no mean power, with a corps of assistants, themselves to work to prepare a series of ten handsome volumes, a set of which I am happy enough to possess. Ten volumes leave out much that even a limited reader of poetry will miss; by the same token, it includes much that the same reader will be glad to encounter for the first time. There cannot be too much good poetry printed. The words of the bard cannot be made too accessible. Each of these volumes contains an essay by some one of the editors which serves as an introduction or an interpretation of some phase of poetry. The collection is divided into such topics as "Home," "Friendship," "Love," "Consolation," "The Higher Life." "Nature," "Faith," "Sentiment," "Tragedy," "Humor," "The National Spirit," etc. Happy is the home that offers this temptation to the young; defective is that education and criminal is the school that sends forth its graduates without an appetite for the contents of such handsome volumes as these.

In the realm of poetry the year seems to offer but little in the way of new contribution. I rejoice in the possession of a convenient new edition of[4] Edgar Allen Poe's works, by the Funk & Wagnalls Company in ten handy little volumes. Mrs. McMahan has vivisected the Browning volumes and made a pretty book out of the[5] Florence poems by the poet pair whose love blossomed and bore imperishable fruit in that beautiful city. The book is annotated with pictures that make many things plain.

Arlo Bates has prepared a little book of[6] "Browning Dramas" for the schools, a publication which has been justified in Chicago this year by three different presentations of "Colombe's Birthday" by the dramatic section of All Souls Church and a popular and significant presentation of "Pippa Passes" on the Studebaker stage by Hart Conway's dramatic school.

Our own "Tom" Stevens and Mrs. Triggs have given us through the help of the Blue Sky Press, a beautiful edition of[7] "In a Balcony."

Nineteen hundred and four adds its testimony to the deathlessness of Dante and his spirit. A goodly volume has been compiled from the writings of John Ruskin[8] which, when arranged, makes a clarifying commentary of the Divine comedy. It is also worthy of note that the year has given us a ne wtranslation of the[9] "Inferno,"[9] with other volumes to come. This one is from the hand of a professor of the Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, who found it impossible to intelligently teach mediaeval church history without mastering Dante. Thus it is that theology is slowly learning to take counsel of poetry. Well does the Professor say: "No well equipped clergyman can afford to be ignorant of the middle ages, but to know these it is indispensable to know Dante, who is the exponent, not only of their society and their politics, but equally of their ethics, their theology and their ecclesiasticism." William Everett in the spirit of these workers has prolonged the study of Dante into a study of the[10] Italian poets since Dante's time—Petrarch, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, and the rest.

I have commented elsewhere on "Love Triumphant,"[11] a collection of poems by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, "Songs from Elfland,"[12] by Charles Keeler, and "The Trail to Boyland,"[13] by Wilbur D. Nesbit, each of which has given me a joy for what it contains and still more joy for what it promises.[14] William Vaughn Moody has not disappointed the promise of a year ago. His Fire-bringer is the work of a true fire kindler. Henry Van Dyke has added a third volume to his poetry output. Music and Other Poems,[15] a comforting value for a pensive hour.

We have learned to look for Stephen Phillips with each returning anniversary, and he has not disappointed us this year. "The Sin of David,"[16] is one more of his dramas which seeks to embody modern thought in relation to the ever-growing complexity of love, sin and redemption. It was a daring venture to transfer the biblical crime into the time and soil of English Puritanism. It was a still more daring thing to bring love to its fuller fruitions through contrition and confession. We are hardly reconciled to the love-child of Stephen Phillips being sacrificed in his lovely babyhood rather than spared to regal power as in the biblical story. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, has sent us two little volumes of Quaint Dreams[17] across the Sea and Mosher of Maine has kept us in touch with Fiona MacLeod.[18]

In the world of fiction I have little to offer. "The Penobscot Man,"[19] by FannieHardy Eckstrom is an interesting bit of life from the border land that lies between history and fiction. With the rest of you, I have enjoyed "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop,"[20] Clara Morris, "Trouble Woman"[21] has given us a sermon. Mark Twain's "A Dog's Tale,"[22] and Mrs. Phelps' "Trixy,"[23] have rendered powerful aid to

3. The World's Best Poetry. Edited by Bliss Carman. Ten volumes. John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia.
4. Edgar Allen Poe's Works. Ten volumes. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.
5. Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings. McMahan. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
6. Browning Dramas. Edited by Arlo Bates. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.
7. In a Balcony. Robert Browning. Blue Sky Press. Chicago.

8. Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, $1.25.
9. The Inferno. By M. R. Vincent. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50.
10. The Italian Poets since Dante. William Everett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50 net.
11. Love Triumphant. Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.
12. Songs from Elfland. By Charles Keeler, Oakland, Cal.
13. The Trail to Boyland. By Wilbur D. Nesbit. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.
14. The Fire-Bringer. William Vaughn Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, $1.10.
15. Music and Other Poems. By Henry VanDyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.00
16. The Sin of David. Stephen Phillips. Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $1.25.
17. Plays for an Irish Theater. W. B. Yeats. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $1.25 each.
18. Ulad of the Dreams. By Fiona Macleod. Thomas B. Mosher., Portland, Me.
19. The Penobscot Man. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25.
20. Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop. Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co.
21. The Trouble Woman. Clara Morris. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, $0.40.
22. A Dog's Tale. Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.00.
23. Trixy. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the contention of the anti-vivisectionists. Surely mercy must extend throughout the realms of sentient life, and wanton cruelty cannot be a worthy servant to science. "The Common Lot"[24] by Robert Herrick of the University of Chicago, may not be a great novel but it is a timely sermon. It is a revealment of business standards so common that one is afraid to speak of it approvingly lest he be suspected of dealing in personalities. The disintegrating power of business ambition, which once planted on a false basis is intensified in proportion as it is successful, has been vividly, truthfully, alarmingly told in this story which might well be read by every business and professional man in the city of Chicago.

In the realm of sociology the most timely book, the one that has left deepest impression on the mind of your preacher, is "The Social Unrest"[25] by John Graham Brooks, which belongs in the publishers' list of 1903, but came into our hands in 1904. Our Judge Carter, of the Election Board, in his wisdom, has given as his reason for refusing to grant the socialist party a place on the board, the probability that the party itself is ephemeral and that it may go out of existence within a few years, as many others have. His attitude of mind is a typical one. The complacent business world and the busy politicians assume that there is not much doing in the way of new business in the economic and political adjustments of the world just now. I commend to such the reading of this book of John Graham Brooks. He who fancies that the unrest at the heart of the city today is but surface agitation, or that the blind groping for brotherhood, the petitioning hands of the submerged, the sense of responsibility which causes the fortunate and the favored to beat their pillows in sleepless concern, are symptoms of individual or social disease, will do well to read this book and find that the word "socialism" and its less alarming synonyms represent religion seeking more adequate expression; ethics undertaking to incorporate itself in organic life; progress trying to free itself from tradition and convention and adjust itself to the ever enlarging life of the soul. These terms vaguely represent the twentieth century *zeit Geist,* the spirit of God moving in the hearts of men. The Little Ballot is not a fad but a fate cheering to democracy as it is alarming to aristocracy and plutocracy.

As further illustration of this spirit I would mention Devine's "Principles of Relief,"[26] a study in practical philanthropy; George B. McClellan's "The Oligarchy of Venice,"[27] a study in mediaeval politics; "The Government of Illinois, Its History and Its Administration,"[28] by Professor Greene, of the University of Illinois, one of a series of new books on American government; George Elliott Howard's monumental "History of Matrimonial Institutions,"[29] a learned work of three massive volumes, by another Chicago University Professor, and a new edition of Montague's "Story of the Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company,"[30] all of which constitute but a trifling fragment of the current literature on these subjects, reaching from the deliberate, plain speech of Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Norman Hapgood, up to the frantic writing of Lawson, the most frenzied element in which consists after all in the hurting truth that underlies it, not in the harmless exaggeration that is represented by the surface froth.

In this connection for want of a better place, I want to commend one of the latest volumes that has reached my table, a volume as full of spiritual serenity as it is is of physical and typographical beauty. My long-time friend and yoke-fellow, E. P. Powell, in a new volume entitled "The Country Home,"[31] has shown one way out of the difficulty. Back to the farm, not to the ignorance, the drudgery, the narrowness of the old farm, but with the culture, the poetry and the science of the new life applied to the exacting but charming tasks of field and garden. Back to the country, not for "fortunes", but for the health and sanity and economy that makes "fortunes" not only useless but ridiculous.

In the realms of history I have but little to offer. Professor West of the Minnesota University has matched the Ancient History of last year with a new volume, "Modern History";[32] a text book as good out of college as in college, itself in the spirit of modern science. It assumes the communal life of man, the inter-relation of nations.

Henry Norman in "All the Russias"[33] tempts further reading into the pathetic life of poor Russia, so distracted by its unorganized energies, so burdened with its uncontrolled passion, so torn by the undisciplined energy that holds inconceivable possibilities.

Colliers' Weekly has compiled from its current pages a "Photographic and Descriptive Review of the Great Conflict in the Far East[34]—the Russo-Japanese war." It is graphic grimness, realistic history that is terrible.

The making of a standard work more available is perhaps a more noble thing in these days of too many books than undertaking to launch a new work. The P. F. Collier and Son, of New York, have launched a great undertaking in this direction. Thirty-two out of a projected fifty volumes of "The World's Best Histories"[35] have been offered this year in remarkably attractive form, considering their cheapness. With the exception, perhaps, of the history of Ireland they are all re-prints of standard works. The United States story is told in nine volumes. Professor Schouler's splendid work on our history from 1783 to 1865 is flanked by preliminary and supplementary volumes from the pen of Julian Hawthorne and E. Benjamin Andrews. Menzel's history of Germany is given in four volumes; Russia in two volumes by Alfred Rambeau. Guizot's France takes eight volumes, Professor Green's England four volumes. John F. Finerty of Chicago tells the story of Ireland in two new volumes; that of Canada is told by J. Castel Hopkins in one volume, China and Japan each in one volume, the former by Boulger, the latter by Walter Dickson.

Biography after all is, perhaps, the most valuable reading that the human mind, particularly the youthful mind, can engage in; for great things achieved is the best argument for and the highest inspiration to noble achievements. Let those who think that politics is necessarily corrupt and that the only logic of practical politics is "They all do it", and "You're another", read the two-volume life of the splendid "John A. Andrew,"[36] war governor of Massachusetts, and see how this chief executive of a great state communed with great ideals, was at home with noble men, was not ashamed of his religion, and was willing and anx-

24. The Common Lot. Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.
25. The Social Unrest. John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.50.
26. Principles of Relief. Edward T. Devine. The Macmillan Co. Price, $2.00.
27. The Oligarchy of Venice. George B. McClellan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25.
28. The Government of Illinois. Evarts Boutel Greene. The Macmillan Co.
29. A History of Matrimonial Institutions. George Elliott Howard. Three volumes. University of Chicago Press.
30. The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company. Gilbert Holland Montague. Harper & Bros. Price, $1.00.
31. The Country Home. E. P. Powell. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price, $1.50.
32. Modern History. Willis Mason West. Allyn & Bacon, Chicago.
33. All the Russias. Henry Norman. Charles Scribner's Sons.
34. The Russo-Japanese War. Compiled by Collier's Weekly. P. F. Collier & Son, New York.
35. World's Best Histories. P. F. Collier & Son. Thirty-two volumes.
36. The Life of John A. Andrew. Henry Greenleaf Pearson Two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $5.00 set.

ious to administer his great trust in a glass house. What was once realized in Massachusetts may be and must be realized in Illinois.

If I mistake not, the "Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee"[37] by his son will prove a permanent attraction in American biography. It emphasizes the uniqueness in the life of a great military man who out of the jaws of defeat wrung success. The general of a lost cause made for himself a splendid career after the surrender of Appomattox, and this book shows the man who was able to reconstruct himself, restore a broken University, and endear himself as a civilian to all the world.

The two-volume autobiography of Moncure D. Conway[38] is another open door into the golden age of American life; the age when the thought of liberty was an inspiration, and when to espouse the cause of the slave was an act of faith. Mr. Conway lived on the outer margin of American life, the front line of progress, and he carried his radicalism, politically and religiously, to London and became a center of life there. He has been familiar with the leaders of thought and the makers of literature for two generations. His two splendid volumes may well tempt a winter evening acquaintance.

The minister of the First Congregational Church of Spencer, Mass., has made a spiritual contribution to the life of the generation in his little book on the mind of Whittier";[39] it is so appreciative and interpretative. It justifies John Chadwick's dictum that "Whittier exerted a greater influence upon the religious life of his time than any of his great poetical contemporaries."

"The American Men of Letters" series has brought us a welcome study of "William H. Prescott",[40] the interpreter of Mexico and Peru. Rebecca Harding Davis' "Bits of Gossip"[41] is a charming reminder to those whose memories go back to the Civil War and beyond. The Story of "Dr. Barnardo, the foster-father of nobody's children",[42] is found in a modest English volume of great interest. This Londoner who "heard the children weeping" might almost be said to have invented the child-placing plan, and he afterwards lifted it into a world-science. It is a book full of suggestions and inspirations.

"William Greenleaf Eliot"[43] of St. Louis, during his life time was chiefly known as the missionary of a liberal faith, the pastor of an Unitarian Church, but a life of him, written by a kinswoman, published this year, reveals him as a great educator, the friend of the public school, the organizer of Washington University, a great humanitarian, a friend of the enslaved in a slave-holding city, a pillar of the sanitary commission, in times of war, a civic power in times of peace.

Ruskin has received a new interpretation, we might almost call it a new biography, in the two volumes of letters[44] published by Charles Eliot Norton, connected with much interesting comment.

"Harm Jan Huidekoper,"[45] the Dutch land agent who founded the Meadville Theological School, is the subject of a charming biography by Miss Nina Moore Tiffany and her well known father, Rev. Francis Tiffany of Cambridge.

Lastly in the biographies comes our annual Lincoln[46] harvest; one more solid, available, permanent contribution to the Lincoln shelf. The oldest life of Lincoln on my shelf and, with one possible exception, the earliest life of Lincoln, is the campaign life by Joseph H. Barrett, published soon after the nomination in 1860. The outside of the volume is memorable in my mind on account of the axe with a misshapen helve on the back. I read the book as a boy on the farm during the hot days of that campaign. From that time to this the subject has engaged the affection and attention of Mr. Barrett. Much of the intervening time Mr. Barrett himself has been a quiet functionary at Washington all this while he has been a diligent student of American affairs. He knew Lincoln at first hand; he was admitted into the confidence of the weary President. He has written with scrupulous care. He has lived long enough to prove by study the conviction of his heart,—that Lincoln was no accident. Here is painstaking vindication of a worthy ancestry, a demonstration that the law of heredity in the case of Abraham Lincoln was not tricked. All the way through these two volumes are characterized by sanity, intelligent appreciation, laborious fidelity. We welcome this valuable addition to the already extensive Lincoln literature. We rejoice that it was given Mr. Barrett to complete the work upon which he labored forty-three years. It was a good year in literature that gave us a new life of Abraham Lincoln of so much value, and the Autobiography of Herbert Spencer, which alas I have not seen.

Lastly, I come to my theological and religious shelf, a most attractive one. Stanley Hall's two-volume work on "Adolscence,"[47] the noble volume containing the report of the second annual convention of the "Religious Educational Association,"[48] which concerned itself with the general theme of "The Bible in Practical Life," several collateral publications concerning Sunday school work, issued from the University of Chicago Press; J. H. Crooker's clarifying volume on "The Supremacy of Jesus;"[49] the bi-lingual volume entitled "Religion and Liberty,"[50] which contains the addresses and papers of the second International Council of Unitarian and Other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers, held in Amsterdam September, 1903; a volume packed with wisdom and suggestive figures containing the proceedings of the "Friends' General Conference"[51] held in Toronto this year; the volume of talks to students entitled "Religion and the Higher Life,"[52] by President Harper, and a small volume of addresses entitled "Routine and Ideals,"[53] by Prof. Leetts selected from the French of "De Lammennais," Baron Briggs, of Harvard, all show how much alive the world is to the problems of religion on its educational side.

"The Code of Hammurabi,"[54] edited by Robert F.

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37. Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee. By Robert E. Lee. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $2.50 net.
38. Autobiography of Moncure Daniel Conway. Two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $6.00 net per set.
39. The Mind of Whittier. Chauncey J. Hawkins. Thomas Whittaker, New York. Price, $0.80 net.
40. William Hickling Prescott. Rollo Ogden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.10 net.
41. Bits of Gossip. Rebecca Harding Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
42. Dr. Barnardo. John Herridge Batt. S. W. Partridge & Co., London. Price, 1s. 6d. net.
43. William Greenleaf Eliot. Charlotte C. Eliot. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $2.00 net.
44. Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. Two volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $4.00 net per set.
45. Harm Jan Huidekoper. Nina Moore Tiffany and Francis Tiffany. Riverside Press, Boston.
46. Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency. Joseph H. Barrett. Two volumes. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. Price $5.00 net.
47. Adolescence. G. Stanley Hall. Two volumes. D. Appleton & Co. Price, $7.50 net.
48. The Religious Educational Association. Executive office of the Association, Chicago.
49. The supremacy of Jesus. Joseph H. Crooker. American Unitarian Association, Boston. Price, $0.80 net.
50. Religion and Liberty. P. H. Hugenholtz, Jr., E. J. Brill, Leyden, Holland.
51. Friends' General Conference. Printed in Philadelphia.
52. Religion and the Higher Life. William Rainey Harper. The University of Chicago Press. Price, $1.00 net.
53. Routine and Ideals. LeBaron Russell Briggs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.00 net.
54. The Code of Hammurabi. Robert Francis Harper. The University of Chicago Press. Price, $4.00 net.

Harper, of the Chicago University, and the English translation of "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit,"[55] by Auguste Sabatier, the late lamented saint and prophet of Paris, constitute the two most valuable contributions to the literature of religion that have reached my shelf. The second volume of Wernle's "Beginnings of Christianity,"[56] J. Estlin Carpenter's "The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World;"[57] "The Little Book of Life After Death,"[58] by Gustave Fechner, the great scientist and psychologist; Charles Wagner's books "Courage"[59] and "By the Fireside,"[60] which represent the 1904 addition to the Wagner library in English; a little volume entitled "Sermonettes"[61] selected from the French of "Lamennais," the great Parisian priest who unfrocked himself in the interest of liberty; Orlando J. Smith's "Balance,"[62] a thought book which plants theism and the faith of ethics deep in the nature of things, and, lastly, "New Tables of Stone,"[63] the long looked for volume from the pen of our beloved Henry M Simmons, a sun-lit volume from the land of suffering represent a portion of the contents of my theological shelf. All this proves that even a small shelf may have great reading. The year cannot be considered barren that furnishes such a shelf as this to the library of one busy parson.

My time is too far gone to undertake to comment at any length upon the great events of the year, among which must be counted the St. Louis Exposition that came to such a wasteful end because it was a premature end. When next the nations gather to rejoice in the triumphs of peace in America let us hope that the government will be sufficiently intelligent to take the laboring oar and help sustain it, not niggardly through one summer season of six months, but generously through the summer months of three or more years.

The visit of Charles Wagner to America was an event of deep significance, not so much on account of the uniqueness of the message for there is nothing unique in it, as on account of its reception. Theologically Wagner is an Independent and a Radical, but the man and the message were cordially received, and earnestly commended all the way from Arch-Bishop Ireland to Felix Adler, Jewish and Christian, orthodox and liberal, endorse his word, not only because he strikes a fundamental, and on that account, an universal note in religion, but becuse it is the note most needed in the life of to-day. It is the heart of the gospel without which all other enforcement of the gospel is both useless and impossible.

Of the phenomenal revelations of the autumnal elections I have already spoken. The significance of the great Stock Yards strike of fifty thousand employes is a study by itself. The unseemly haste in the recognition of the Panama Republic will go down in history, I believe, as the wrong way of doing the right thing. We may have established a precedent that will bring us trouble further along. The horrible event of the year has been the brutal struggle in the far East, and the most lamentable thing of this most lamentable event is not the brutality generated by the two great pugilistic nations, but the fact that a so-called Christian civilization, and, indeed, all the civilized world, armed to the teeth, has stood by in nerveless inactivity while the horrible massacre has proceeded. Some day the psychological moment will come when even diplomats will cry "Enough!" and will offer benign interference. The ethical moment for such interference has long since passed. The details of this war have been too horrible for me to read. I have studiously skipped them, knowing only that perhaps the bloodiest, bravest, most wasteful war in history has been and still is raging.

Let me close my sermon with a more cheering note: Down in South America, among the republics that we are too prone to consider half barbarous, the new day has been heralded. Chili and the Argentine Republic, which a year ago were armed to the teeth, with a naval force which united was said to have been fourth among all the navies that float the sea, have, by mutual consent, laid down their arms. They have actually sold their battle-ships—I wish they had sunk them—and have agreed henceforth to settle their differences as individuals who claim to be gentlemen, not to say Christians, would. Henceforth they are to concentrate their mighty energies in the work of construction rather than of destruction.

May we not take this example as a harbinger of the better day. With this note of hope we cease our retrospect and turn hopefully our eyes to the future.

The King is dead! Long live the King!

55. Religions of Authority. Auguste Sabatier. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price, $3.50 net.
56. Beginnings of Christianity. Paul Wernle. Two volumes. E. P. Putnam's Sons.
57. The Place of Christianity Among the Religions of the World. J. Estlin Carpenter. Philip Green, London.
58. The Little Book of Life After Death. Gustav Theodore Fechner. Little, Brown & Co.
59. Courage. Charles Wagner. Dodd, Mead & Co.
60. By the Fireside. Charles Wagner. McClure, Phillips & Co. Price, $1.00 net.
61. Sermonettes. Felicitie Robert DeLamennais. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.
62. Balance. Orlando J. Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.25 net.
63. New Tables of Stone. Henry M. Simmons. James H. West & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

A Christmas Reverie.

When the first daring missionaries, full of zeal for the new creed, set forth from Rome to carry the glad tidings into old Britain, they found there a race just budding into civilization. They must have had much the same feeling toward the inhabitants of that far-off province that we find in ourselves toward the dwellers in Darkest Africa or the Islands of the Utmost Sea. Buoyed by an unquestioning faith, they went fearlessly forward to carry the Word, the only truth, to those who sat in impenetrable darkness, as it seemed to them. There could be no question in their minds as to the saving value of the new belief. They preached with conviction and warmth, because they believed with fervor and without equivocation. And it would hardly occur to them to look for anything of good in the ancient earthly beliefs they were so eager to supplant. With that singleness of purpose, that persistency of sublime confidence to which nothing is denied, they went about their task with unquenchable ardor and decision. A mere handful of devoted souls at first, following the footsteps of the chosen Twelve to whom the Message was originally entrusted, they went cheerfully about the business of persuading the known world to their way of thinking. How well they succeeded, let modern civilization attest.

Let us never depreciate the power of so supreme a faith, a devotion so consuming and so noble; for that is the very spirit we need at all times, a spirit of hopeful belief in the ultimate triumph of ideals. But we have come at this end of time to look upon the earth and our own history with a more dispassionate eye, and to regard the events of our racial evolution with a certain mental detachment, which we call the

scientific spirit. And that is well, too; for we must have the absolute truth, at all costs, for our peace of mind, just as we need ultimate goodness for our peace of heart, and utmost beauty for our enjoyment of life. We have come to see in the outworn religions of the earth which Christianity has supplanted, not mere heathenish superstition, but the first crude efforts of the human soul, endeavoring to formulate its instincts for righteousness, its intuitions of the sublime, its inherent belief in a divine origin and outcome for all things. The beautiful gods of pagan Greece, whose cult has given to modern art and literature such an immeasurable stimulus; the pitiful gods of the polar night; the subtle and still-living gods of the mysterious Orient; the lore of all these human creeds is not to be despised, but to be studied. Very likely they are inadequate in their conception of the universe, and unwise in many of their moral sanctions; still they stand there in testimony of man's reach after the infinite. Pan and Vesta and Hanuman and the unrecorded divinities of outlandish tongues are neither hateful nor despicable, but only imperfect. They are, surely one must believe, partial revelations of the truer Truth, the better Goodness, the more imperishable Beauty.

So, too, we may be sure that the rude worship of our ancient fathers in the wilderness of Britain, little as we know of it, was not without lovely traits and touches of aspiration. Those watchers who gathered to see the sun rise over Stonehenge last midsummer day must have been impressed by a solemn regard for the old druidical faith which planted those monoliths in their significant ring, so that the great light of day at his summer solstice enters exactly through the door of that primitive temple. Not sun-worshipers, perhaps, but nature-worshipers our fathers must have been, when the new teaching came to them in their island fastnesses. In the names Yule and Easter, marking certain pagan festivals of nature, vague records of these Northern regions come down to us, and upon the dates of those festivals other festivals of the Christian cult were grafted. So that when we celebrate our winter holiday, we are not merely keeping the memorial of Christ's nativity, but, all unconsciously, are following the immemorial rites of an earlier custom, strange and barbarous, yet natural after all.

The feast of Yule, we may guess, was one of merrymaking, because then the year was at its bitterest, hope apparently at the last ebb with the ebbing sun, and men, therefore, driven indoors for intercourse and entertainment. For frost, in moderation, is a great civilizer, necessitating the home and the fireside. It is difficult to play the vagrant in a country where you can not sleep under the stars, but must have a roof-tree above you and a fire to keep you from perishing. It is in cold countries that men's energies are knit up to the point of accomplishment, and their physique tempered and hardened to endurance. Cold that congeals the ground and the running streams, consolidates men, too, and favors that concerted action which is the beginning of civic liberty and free institutions. In a land of rigorous climate men are accustomed to struggle. Their life from day to day is unremitting warfare with the elements, and breeds in them fortitude, endurance, resourcefulness, and a light-hearted eagerness to cope with difficulty. The north wind, whipping about their ears, stings the blood to the cheek, stirring courage from the bottom of the heart at the same time; and those happiest zones, where nature is neither so bountiful as to encourage idleness, nor so bitter as to discourage and stultify growth, give us our best of humanity.

In every Christian land there are customs and tales and scraps of folk-lore, held in popular regard, which are not quite believed, perhaps, but which are kept alive in memory none the less. They are surviving remnants of creeds which once had a religious value and now retain no more than a sentiment of their former sanction. They may once have been obligatory as a duty, a votive commemoration, an expiatory offering; but their earlier use is forgotten and we cannot tell why we observe them any more,—so tenacious are we of forms and ceremonies, so oblivious of spiritual origins. We hang up our childish stockings for the good little saint to fill with gifts and gewgaws, or we stick a spray of mistletoe in the chandelier—a dare to bashful youth—and never guess how came these customs nor what they may once have signified. So there linger about all the festivals of the Church—Christmas, St. John's Eve in midsummer, of Hallowe'en—legends and simple rites, which are lightly held memorials of some older faith, once, perhaps, significant and stupendous. For religion is not only from above but from below (if we may permit ourselves to use that manner of speech), not only the living Word sent down to us from the clear skies, as we are apt to fancy, but the whisper breathed from the ground as well. Whether natural or revealed, the source of our religious aspirations is the same. The eternal spirit utters itself obscurely in the dark hearts of heathen kings, or speaks in articulate clear words through the radiant minds of chosen seers and glowing young prophets, with equal authority. The same spirit of truthfulness, desiring only that beautiful goodness should be accomplished on the earth, whispered in the ear of Buddha, dwelt with the aged John in Patmos, was a law of righteousness to the King Poet of Israel, spoke in accents threatening as thunder at the shrine of Delphi, and makes itself heard at a hundred unknown altars in the far corners of the earth to-day. For there are not a thousand such, but only One, though the inventive mind of man has imagined a thousand forms in which he has been supposed to reside. His true residence, all the while, has been neither at Paphos nor Cumæ nor upon Sinai, but in the human heart,—in the house of the soul.

A Christmas meditation for many of us must partake of the character of a philosophic or poetic reverie, rather than of religious exaltation. The touch of the supernatural has disappeared; but that does not mean that the feeling of wonder has vanished; it only means that the sentiment of worship is more natural than ever. If we can not feel the awe and terror of a personal Supervisor of the universe, as in our childhood, we can feel much more certainly and definitely the presence of an unmeasured Power within ourselves, more real and beneficent than the Deity of our infant fancy.

It was said that in a certain house there are many mansions; and I cannot help believing that hospitable edifice is designed to shelter the unbeliever as well as the believer. Indeed, I cannot imagine such a creature as an unbeliever, though many there be (and excellent souls, too) who subscribe to none of the tenets of established creeds. I must leave to others the expounding of Christian doctrine as upheld by this church or that with so much vigor and confidence, and content myself with the modest irresponsible task of looking upon the teaching of the Man of Nazareth, his life and work, with the innocent eye of a bystander. Had I all the learning of the ancients and moderns, I feel I should never have the temerity to be a preacher, —to offer to others as sure and indubitable fact what is in its essence so changing and volatile and dependent upon personal sentiment. For my part, I would rather have the simplest moral reflection from an old woodsman or a young scholar, whose life was clean and whose mind was free, than all the gravest homilies of bishops, hedged by tradition and restricted by instituted authority. Is the breath of God less free than the sweet wind of heaven? or is it less likely to form

itself into an unmistakable message to you or me than it was to call to the saints of old? The great ones of all time, whose august names inspire us still, whose philosophy forms the basis of our common wisdom about life, were born to no greater possibility of inspiration than those children dancing in the street below. Whatever our fund of inspired revelation, we are awaiting other revelations fresher still. The story of the world is not finished. There are other years to come, other centuries, other peoples, and civilizations unimagined. Will they, think you, lack their poets and philosophers and prophets? The last word of inspiration has not been uttered, nor will it be, until the last man's lips are still.

It was the habit of our Puritan progenitors to discountenance the merrymaking of old England, and only to lay stress on the purely spiritual side of life. Old customs savored to them of ungodliness, and they must have only the soberest truth at all times. Our more liberal tenor of mind allows us to revert to many of the old usages which were discarded by those stern New Englanders, and we incline to make merry with as hearty a good-will as our forefathers used before Puritanism was heard of. Without at all discrediting the austere creed, we may be glad that its extreme rigor has been mitigated with much of the old spirit of joviality. For joy and light-hearted mirth are not heathenish, but truly of the essence of the religion of love, which we profess. It is only logical, too, that the generous promptings of the heart should find vent and freedom and play, that kindly thoughts should express themselves in kind deeds. Moreover, the good deed induces better thoughts, and through the custom of charity we are insensibly led to charitable tenderness of heart.

The more welcome, then, is this greatest of all festivals, when we commemorate the birth of the Master whose life still stands as the most eminent reproof to our timidity and self-seeking. Once a year, at least, we are put in mind of the Better Way, the way of the glad heart, the open hand, the unsuspicious mind. You say that no business could be successfully conducted on Christian principles, under modern conditions? Then let us do without business.

—*Bliss Carman in the Literary World.*

Appreciations.

From Minneapolis:

DEAR UNITY: When I ask you again to change my address on your books you'll think me indeed a Nomad, but will not the knowledge that I can't get on without you make cheerful your chase?

From Washington:

DEAR FRIENDS: I herewith send Christmas greetings—best wishes for your welfare and success to UNITY. I also enclose a P. O. order for two dollars, for renewal subscription.

I find it hard to raise subscription funds at present, but I cannot very well afford to lose the weekly visits of UNITY. The sermons of Pastor Jones are most inspiring. That After-Election lecture was superb—by all odds the best thing I have seen on the subject. The sermons by Miller I also enjoyed—I hope they may be issued in tract form. The book reviews by Powell are a suggestive and instructive feature. The compliment paid to the *Arena* in the last issue was timely and well deserved. In my judgment the *Arena* has no peer; it is always rich, racy and reasonable; strong in every department.

Again wishing you the compliments of the season, I am, sincerely, etc.

From California:

"Before the busier days of Christmas arrive I must write and thank you greatly for your kindness in granting me UNITY during this year, not paid for. I regret that I am unable to subscribe for the paper, and will remind you to do justice to yourself in stopping the same. I thank you for the precious words that I have read from your pen, that conveys so much of good to your readers. I trust that much blessing may surround you personally, in every way; I believe that you are up to the neck in work; I hope that you will preserve your life by moderate work only."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

"The Story of New Zealand" is one of the most perfect books placed on the market for many years. I think it an ideal in both material and makeup. All persons who are interested in the civic progress and social progress of the age should have this book. It is published by C. F. Taylor, Chestnut street, Phil.; and of course is written by our best authority on the political, industrial and social development of the day, Prof. Frank Parsons. The topics discussed include Postal Savings Banks, Government Railways, State Insurance, Direct Nominations; Voting by Mail, Taxing Monopolies; Prohibition of Panics, Referendum, How to Handle Strikes and Lockouts, State Operation of Coal Mines, Old Age Pensions—and this only begins the list. It is a calm, thorough study of the great questions of the immediate future. The illustrations are superb, the paper and the printing extra fine. Historically also the book is highly to be commended. Yet the price is only three dollars.

"The Holy Spirit, Then and Now," by E. H. Johnson, D. D., is published by the Griffith and Roland press, of Philadelphia. From the standpoint of orthodoxy, this is a very liberal book; but from the standpoint of a Unitarian it is a very curious book. The author distinctly considers the Holy Spirit as a person. One thing I am sure of, that Dr. Johnson is a splendid judge of good apples, and I believe that he can take care of his own theology.

"The Food of the Gods," published by Scribners, is the work of H. G. Wells—not exactly the kind of work we should expect from him, as this is a novel. However, those who have carefully studied Mr. Wells' previous volumes of essays, know very well that he could write a novel. And this is a thoroughly readable book—most astounding in some ways. It cannot be reviewed, it must be read.

Among the historical books, I have omitted to mention a very remarkably good one written by John A. Kasson, on the Evolution of the Constitution and the History of the Monroe Doctrine. This history of the Monroe Doctrine is a very compact affair and useful for those who care for only a sketch of the subject. It contains the ripened conclusions of one of our ablest statesmen. It may be read in connection with the larger work of Mr. Edgington, which I have reviewed already in UNITY. The main part of this book is a very able discussion of the Constitution, written originally for the Constitutional Centennial Commission but now enlarged for general use. The contested clauses of the Constitution are carefully discussed. It is an authoritative volume, and will be so received by everybody.

From A. S. Barnes & Co. I have a first rate woman's book. I wonder if I am right in making this distinction. The book discusses housekeeping and homemaking; but recently the young men have taken more interest in these matters than the women; while the women are learning to run typewriters, automobiles and mowing machines. At any rate "The House and Home" is a first rate practical book on home management by Mary Elizabeth Carter. Among a thousand other good things, she wants everybody in a household to have a separate room, with absolute privacy at times. This is good common sense. It creates the right sort of individualism. Her emphasis on decided parents is good—that is, let your children know that when you say yes it is out of your good

judgment, and you mean to stand by it. The same with no.

"The Problem of Monopoly," by John Bates Clark, comes from the Macmillan Co. It is a thorough study of corporations, monopoly, and organized labor and the relations of monopolies to agriculture. The chapter on governmental monopolies has great weight. It should be read with the book on New Zealand.

Charles Scribner's Sons send us "The Negro, The Southerner's Problem," by Thomas Nelson Page. This is the negro problem, discussed from the Southern standpoint. Mr. Page is as sensitive as, unfortunately, nearly all Southerners are, and he thinks there is no sentiment at the North of sympathy for those who have the negro problem to work out. He is greatly mistaken. If he understood us a little more fully he would wish to write over some parts of his book. He thinks the only solutions possible are either keeping the negro race separated by itself, or removing it en masse outside the confines of the United States. We do not wonder that the discussion is slightly embittered when we remember the horrors of carpet bag government in the South after the war.

A little volume comes to me from Wm. T. Davis—privately published at New Brighton, Long Island. It consists of very delightful essays of the Burroughs sort. It shows power of observation that is very rare. The headings of his chapters will give you the flavor. They are By the Rippling Sea, The Old Stone House, Tenants, Native Brooks, The Pond Meadow, and the Turnpike Road. A thoroughly good book.

A rereading of Mannassas convinces me that I should have spoken even more highly of it. It is a remarkable piece of work—said to be one of a trilogy to be produced by Mr. Sinclair. There is more work in it than in fifty ordinary novels—honest, sincere work. The history is quite as good as the story. In fact it is a new style of historical novel.

If I were less modest I would note my own book, The Country Home, published by McClure, Phillips & Co.—price $1.50. Quality to be judged by yourselves, while the book table critic retires.

From McClure, Phillips and Co. comes another volume from Stewart Edward White. UNITY readers will remember what strong words we spoke two years ago in favor of a novel called The Blazed Trail—one of the most remarkable novels ever produced in America. To say that Mr. White has not produced anything else as good, is a good ways from saying that this new volume is not remarkably good. It is a strong approach toward the work of John Muir, but it has a different twang. It brings us into very close companionship with nature, but we are not quite satisfied with the coarseness of the human companion—notwithstanding Mr. West is a very thoroughly genuine guide and product of western wild nature. The volume is got out in superb style by the publishers, and I can assure you that you will get out of it a good deal of rich fresh vitality. It is a good book for a tired man who wants a vacation but cannot get it.

From the same firm I have two books by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The first of these is entitled The Home, its Work and Influence, and was published some months ago. It is dedicated "To every man who maintains a home; to every woman who keeps house; to every house servant, owned, hired, or married; to every boy and girl that lives at home; to every baby who is born and reared at home—in the hope of better homes for everybody." The book is thoroughly good, and immensely needed. For my part I get more out of the book than I do out of Wagner's Simple Life; because this really *is* simple life, put in practice. The other work by the same author is entitled Human Work, and discusses the nature of work from the standpoint that economic difficulties are the principal ones that we have to deal with today. The introductory "Summary" is a whole volume in itself. The book is a hard one to review, simply because every sentence is pungent.

From Houghton, Mifflin and Co. I have John Burroughs' last work, entitled Far and Near. With one exception it is the best book he has yet produced. It contains what his soul saw in Alaska and in Jamaica. It interprets wild life as very few can do it. The chapter "A Lost February" is a very ideal. Here is his description of the negro: "The negro in Jamaica is immature, void of any serious purpose in life, rather than lazy. He is haunted by no ideals; sufficient for the day are the mangoes thereof, and why should he fret and struggle?" Can John Burroughs write a dull line?

Among the truly magnificent works of the present season are these two: How to Know the Butterflies, by John Henry Comstock and Anna Botsford Comstock of Cornell University; and a book on insects by Prof. Kellogg, of Stanford University. The first of these is published by D. Appleton & Co., and the last by Henry Holt, both of New York. Each one represents the very highest pinnacle of scholarly research, and the noblest development of typographical art. We shall give a more complete review of these books at a later time. They are as readable as they are scientific.

Any one who likes a really vital, warm, sympathetic, and yet up to date study of Jesus, will find it in a work by Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, entitled The Supremacy of Jesus; and published by the American Unitarian Association. I find it a book that I can read—which is more than can be said by me of the piles of religious and theological books that come from the press—for the most part. I will not undertake any review of the book. It is short, pithy, and up to date.

From Little, Brown & Co. I have received a romance of early Michigan, entitled the Wolverine; by Albert L. Lawrence. This story is to be classed among the newer sort of historical novels. I mean by this that it does not muddle a lot of history under the head of romance, but tells a good deal of historical truth, and collects historic facts, weaving them into a story. Mr. Sinclair has done some very good work of this sort recently with his Manassas. In the Wolverine I get what I value very highly about Gov. Cass, and Gov. Mason, of the Territory of Michigan; still more about the younger days of Senator Chandler, and still better I get a good deal of information about Father Richards. Father Richards, and John Monteith, a Presbyterian clergyman, were the two men placed in charge of the first State university ever founded in America—that at Ann Arbor. This Catholic priest and Presbyterian minister run the University for many years—dividing the work between them. Father Richards was a wonderful man. I am grateful to Mr. Lawrence for all that he reveals concerning the noble priest. It is a remarkably good novel.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Only by being true to the full growth of all the individuals who make it up, can society by any chance be true to itself.

Mon.—It is our social problem now, even more urgent than at the time of Plato, that method, purpose, understanding, shall be found in the one who does the work—that his activity shall have meaning to him.

Tues.—There is all the difference in the world between having something to say and having to say something.

Wed.—It is through what we do in and with the world that we read its meaning and measure its value.

Thurs.—We cannot overlook the importance for educational purposes of the close and intimate acquaintance got with nature at first hand, with real things and materials, with the actual processes of their manipulation, and the knowledge of their social necessities and uses.

Fri.—That we learn from experience, and from books, or the sayings of others *only* in their vital relation to experience, are not mere phrases.

Sat.—The world in which most of us live is a world in which every one has a calling and occupation, something to do. Some are managers and others are subordinates. But the great thing for one as for the other is that each shall have had the education which shall enable him to see within his daily work all there is of large and human

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Squirt Gun Uncle Maked Me.

Uncle Sidney, when he was here,
  Maked me a squirt gun out o' some
Elder bushes 'at growed out near
Where was the brickyard—'way out clear
  To where the toll-gate come!

So when we walked back home again,
  He maked, out in our woodhouse, where
Was the old work bench, an' old jack-plane,
An' the old 'pokeshave, an' the tools all lay'n
  J'st like he wants 'em there.

He sawed it first with the old hand-saw;
  An' nen he peeled off the bark, an' got
Some glass an' scraped it; an' told about Pa,
When he was a boy an' fooled his ma,
  An' the whippin' 'at he caught.

Nen Uncle Sidney, he took an' filed
  A' old arn ramrod; an' one o' the ends
He screwed fast into the vise; an' smiled,
Thinkin', he said, o' when he was a child,
  'Fore him an' Pa was mens.

He punched out the peth, an' nen he put
  A plug in with a hole notched through;
Nen took the old drawey-knife an' cut
An' maked a handle 'at shoved clean shut,
  But ist where yer hand held to.

An' he wrapt th' uther end with some string an' white
  Piece o' the sleeve of a' old tored shirt;
An' nen he showed me to hold it tight,
An' suck in the water an' work it right—
  An' it 'ud squirt an' squirt!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Reverent Child.

Under this heading we hope to gather bits of devotional literature suitable for children's prayers. We ask parents to help in the selections.

He prayeth well who loveth well
  Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
  Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

—S. T. Coleridge.

The Playroom.

It has been suggested by a kindergartner that a charming and simple gift for a child is a glass prism to be hung in a sunny window to make a rainbow on the wall. This would be especially good for the room of a sick child unless the eyes were involved. There is something in every one of us that delights in pure color.

An Ancient Tale.

"I will tell you another story," [said Eucrates] "not on hearsay but an experience of my own.

"When I was a young man my father sent me to Egypt, to have me educated, as he said; and while I was there I conceived the wish to sail up to Coptus, and thence to visit the statue of Memnon and hear the famous words it utters at the rising of the sun. On the voyage back it chanced that a man from Memphis was among the passengers—one of the sacred scribes, a man of wonderful wisdom and conversant with all the learning of the Egyptians. It was said that he had lived twenty-three years underground in the precincts, learning magic under the tutorship of Isis. Whenever we put in anywhere I used to see him doing various wonderful things—among others, riding a crocodile and swimming with the creatures, who cowered before him and fawningly wagged their tails. Then I perceived that he was a holy person, and little by little, through kindly feeling, I became, before I knew it, his intimate friend and the partner of his secrets. And finally he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis; 'for,' said he, 'we shall have no lack of attendants.' Our mode of life after that was this: whenever we entered a lodging the man would take the bolt from the door, or the broom, or even the pestle, dress it in clothes, and then, by pronouncing some charm, set it walking, so that to everyone else it seemed to be a man. It would go and fetch water, buy food and cook it, and in all respects act as a clever servant. And when he had enough of its services he would say another charm and make the broom a broom again, or the pestle a pestle. This charm I could not learn from him, anxious as I was to know it; he kept it jealously, though he was most communicative in every other respect. One day I overheard it without his knowledge, standing almost in the dark. It was of three syllables. He then went off to the market after giving his orders to the pestle. The next day, while he had business in the market, I took the pestle, dressed it up, uttered the three syllables just as he did and bade it bring water. When it had filled the jar and brought it to me, I said, 'That will do, don't fetch any more water. Be a pestle again.' But it would not obey me; it kept on bringing water until the whole house was flooded. I was at my wits' end, for fear Pancrates should come back and be angry—just what happened— so I seized an ax and chopped the pestle in two. No use! Each piece took a jar and fell to drawing water, so that I had two of them at it instead of one. At this point, too, Pancrates arrived. When he realized what was going on, he reduced the water-carriers to wood again and himself deserted me on the sly, disappearing heaven knows whither."

From the Greek of Lucian of Samosta 120 (?)—200 (?) A. D. *Translated by Emily James Smith.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO, Third Unitarian Church.—Mr. Fred Alban Weil was ordained and installed as minister of this church on Sunday evening, December 11, the Unitarian ministers of the city joining in the ordination. The service was rendered exceptional by the fact that three of his predecessors took part in it. F. C. Southworth, President of the Meadville Theological School, preached the sermon and made the prayer of ordination; J. Vila Blake wrote the ordination hymn and W. M. Backus addressed the congregation; Mr. Hawley gave the right hand of fellowship "from the ministers of the district;" Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford gave the ordination address; Rev. E. C. Smith of Hinsdale, Rev. Parker Stockdale of Aurora, and the Rev. August Dellgren of the Swedish Unitarian church had parts in the program. Mr. Weil enters upon a large task under favorable circumstances. There is a great work to be done and UNITY rejoices in his youth and courage and hopes that his strength and wisdom may be abundant.

Foreign Notes.

INDIA AND JAPAN.—Where now is the man of cultured mind, who watching with interest the glorious achievements of Japan, has not asked within himself the ever-recurring question: "And *my* country! will it not also come up ahead?"

It is said that in that stirring, fateful period of transition in Japan, commonly known as the restoration period, what prompted the ——————— Shogun, the commander-in-chief and virtual ruler of the country, to perform the noblest act of self-abnegation by relinquishing all his traditional rights and prerogatives, was the warning which India gave to all Asia by her easy collapse into servitude. And there is no doubt that in those eventful days in Japan it was the fate of an ancient country like India that enabled her sons to realize the grim significance of their own situation. And never did sage advice fall upon more ready and appreciative ears than when the late Mr. Herbert Spencer enjoined upon the Japanese people the scrupulous cultivation of a spirit of aloofness in their social and political relations with foreigners. Japan prospered because Japan could point its finger to the storm that was brewing in a corner in the treacherously blue skies of Asia. Japan could catch the bull by the horn that smote others to the dust, to rise from which may be the sorry task of a century.

In that momentous era of Japanese history, two facts stand out in bold relief: (1) The keen insight of the people into their imminent danger; (2) their quick assimilation of the modern ideal of national existence. The first saved them from being betrayed into political subordination, the second enabled them to adopt themselves to the requirements of political freedom. As soon as Japan realized the danger that threatened her, she accepted as her objective the ideal of nationality which had been prolific of such brilliant results in Europe, and plunged herself headlong into those necessities which the acceptance of this ideal and the keenness of the crisis created for her. It was these necessities pressing her from every direction that so soon evolved her modern greatness. And whenever a great ancient country lies prostrate under a deep-rooted decrepitude and the infirmities brought on by the wear and tear of changeful circumstances the dormant energies of the people in that country burst forth, as Mazzini puts it, with volcanic power if excited and harassed by dangers to all appearances mortal, but sink again into the former lethargy if they find themselves let alone and apparently secure. And perhaps the most remarkable fact in the modern history of Japan is this volcanic eruption of the latent powers of the Japanese people when they voluntarily plunged themselves into the exigencies of a truly national existence. There is such a thing as self-imposed compulsion, and in the case of a moribund society it operates like a vivifying elixir of life. It is like averting imminent death by daring death. Japan had to pass through such a crisis. The Japanese had the mettle and the heart to take the bold leap in what was apparently darkness. They did not wait and bear present humiliation in the hope of future exaltation. They did not barter their freedom for the sake of a new culture, of which the very soul and essence is the spirit of freedom itself.

When your very manhood is hopelessly exposed to and jeopardized by corrupting influences all your usual exertions for self-expansion or self-improvement are foredoomed to failure. In the realization of the modern ideal of individual progress, the healthy reaction of the organic whole of a society or body politic on the individual is an indispensable factor. When the whole system is dominated and regulated by forces which directly or indirectly hinder the growth of manhood in the individual and affect his—asculation, then it is utterly impossible by means of academic education or ardent preaching to develop modern manhood in any individual living under the system. And if manhood itself decays, wherever would you engraft a new culture or a new civilization? And this is one important reason why Western education could not do for India what it has done for Japan. India would have assimilated Western culture and civilization more successfully if India could avert the gradual ennervation of her people, or if Western civilization could become so corrupted as to lose its most characteristic and fundamental feature—the love of freedom.

Japan, on the other hand, by one mighty effort raised a permanent defence and citadel for preserving the invaluable heritage of its ancient manhood. It has made it perfectly secure against all insidious side-thrusts of foreign hypocrisy, and then by exercising all its marvelous receptive capabilities by virtue of which it had once become "the mirror of Asiatic civilization" Japan has been able to assimilate into itself what is best in the alien civilization of the West. A conquered and subdued people, constantly suffering from an awful economic exhaustion and from the worst effects of political subjugation can never put forth its inherent powers of assimilation. And those red-hot enthusiasts in India who even now preach social reforms on the lives of Western civilization, either know not what true assimilation means or do not at all understand the fundamentals of Western civilization itself.

When at eve the sun sinks below the horizon, even the murky clouds floating piece-meal over the deep blue are fringed over with scarlet lining. And a child may gaze on the spectacle and rejoice in the approval of what it imagines to be a glorious morning. But alas, slowly and one by one, the floating clouds put off the gorgeous trappings and before long the evening gloom spreads itself stealthily all over the sky and night stands on the threshold begemmed with stars. If India still cherishes the beguiling thought that her present contact with the West, who appeared only before *her*, as the conqueror, will slowly lead in the normal course of time to an awakening of her people from the slumber of ages, she will be undeceived when it is too late and when grim darkness will have encompassed her on all sides. The flush of crimson light that flooded her horizon as if to announce the approach of dawn since the days of Raja Rammohan Roy, is slowly fading away—the clouds are giving up their transient glories and everywhere lingers the dull uniformity of a pale yellow. But still the lingering hope nestles within our hearts that forgotten Nature may at last work a miracle and usher in amidst all this dullness of the approaching dawn, the meridian glory of a new day and dispel the gathering gloom that is ominous of death.

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